

# P O E M

TO THE

CHARMING FAIR ONE.

*Dutcheffe of Portmouth.*

I. 1679.

**H**ow far of old ( as Fame records )  
Did English Arms advance ?  
Whilst Brittain's Kings, and British Swords  
Enslav'd the vanquish't France.

II.

But in one Conque'ring Ladys Eyes  
Heav'n joyns so many Charms ;  
She all their want of Pow'r supplys  
T'avenge their weaker Arms.

III.

By this one Beauty of their Land,  
They their lost Fame renew :  
Where the French Thunder's at a stand,  
Their Lightning does subdue.

IV.

Not *Venus* drawn by her own Doves  
Her Warlike God to meet,  
In so much splendid Triumph moves,  
Nor bears a state so Great.

V.

What Princes would not to possess  
This glorious prize conspire,  
Though like the beauteous Dame of Greece,  
She sets their Troy on Fire.

VI

Yet in her pomp this wretched Fair  
Is despicably vain ;  
A shrine so bright without, did ne're  
Inclose a soul so mean.

VII.

## VII.

Rich in her self, yet as in Mines,  
Like slaves the toyls for Oar,  
Poorly and servilely the pines  
T'exhaust the Royall store.

## VIII.

For Her their pearl, the Fruitfull Seas  
( Those Globes of brightness ) mould ;  
To her the Earth her Tribute pays,  
And teems with fatall Gold.

## IX.

Thus Natures Treasuries unlock,  
This Idoll to adorn :  
And from the glittering Diamond-Rock,  
The crusted Jems are torn.

## X.

With golden Rays thus round her head  
She spreads Loves wanton Nets :  
Sleeps like the Sun in's Western bed ;  
In her own Indies sets.

## XI.

Be frankly kinde, and pay Loves Debt !  
Think thou' hast a King insnared :  
The Glory of a prize so great,  
Does bring its own Reward.

## XII.

The Thunderer wooed but once in Gold ,  
His meanest shape could win,  
For still his humbled Drefs did hold  
The Dazling God within.

## XIII.

For shame let no false Jems be worn,  
Be perfectly Divine ;  
True Pride all borrow'd Plumes should scorn  
And by'ts own Lustre shine.